

The Missing Jewels

By MARVIN ST. JOHNS

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"Which does Mac like best?"
"Two evenings in the week, Rufus Dodge, Saturday evening and Sunday, Worth Bartley."

"And the rest of the time?"
"Well, I think young Bartley is the favorite. He should be—a fine, manly fellow, ambitious, earnest and handsome. Not that Dodge is in any way bad. Some time ago, however, he won a prize in a foreign lottery."

"How much?"
"One thousand dollars. He has salted it away in bank, all right, but he boasts of it constantly; brags of his luck and, mark me, with the speculative fever latent in his veins, will some day lose it just as easily as he got it."

Thus two members of the social circle in which pretty Mae Winston was the belle and Bartley and Dodge worthy and popular members. They were a theme of a good many discussions, but all that was completely overshadowed the day succeeding to that upon which the foregoing conversation took place. The parties to the same met again.

"What do you think of the latest?"
"The diamond robbery up at the Beches?"

"Yes. They say the burglars got a box of jewels worth \$20,000."

"Where? That's some value."

"Here's a printed description and reward offered—\$5,000 for the recovery of the gems—double that for the additional conviction of the thieves."

"It almost tempts a fellow to play the detective."

Then two evenings later a new excitement set the village all agog. A "reel" had been found wounded and insensible in a waste piece of ground about a mile from the village.

Meantime, Rufus had come into a new experience. He called at the Winston home one day and sought a private interview.

"I've got something very confidential to tell you, Mr. Winston," he said.

"I've got a chance to make \$4,000," went on Rufus, rather excitedly.

"It's a pretty fine plum for a start," encouraged Winston.

"I've got a chance to get the stolen diamonds."

"Hey!" started the farmer.

"Yes. Now this is a secret. You see, it's only at a stage of negotiations, so far. A stranger came to me, one of the thieves, I am sure. He warned me to act with caution. He said that the stolen jewels had been so widely advertised by description that the thieves were afraid to offer them for sale. He has agreed to turn them over to me and I have me verify them through the printed description for \$1,000. I think it's a good speculation, don't you?"

"It's hohobbling with thieves," suggested the wily farmer.

Rufus drew his thousand dollars out of the bank. He was to meet the supposed thief four days later. Worth was up and about.

When he came to put on his clothes Worth discovered his possessions all right except in one particular—a small locket that had been attached to his watch chain, was missing. It had contained a picture of Mae.

The haze began to clear away in his mind. Dimly, at first, then more strongly memory began to develop the chain of circumstances, obscured until now since he was struck down. He went out into the warm sunshine, walking slowly, bent on reaching the spot where he had been assaulted. Half the distance was covered when his face brightened and his pulses stirred deeply as he saw coming towards him the woman he loved.

Mae was overjoyed to see him coming, and told him so.

For the first time she learned from his lips the story of his recent mishap. It seemed that while nearing the spot they had now reached he had seen a light among some bushes. As Worth investigated, he observed a man take from the hollow of a dead tree a box. He opened it with a chuckle.

"I don't know what possessed me," he told his fair companion, "but some impulse made me seize the box. I ran. There were wild shouts, and the first man and two others just arrived, probably to share the hidden plunder, pursued me. Just about this rugged spot I stumbled and fell. The box flew far from my hands. The men came up, denit me a stunning blow and—this is the spot where it all occurred."

Mae aided him in his search, silent and impressed. A sudden cry from Worth brought her to his side. Groping beside a big boulder, his hand had brushed back a dense growth of grass and had touched—the box of jewels, where it had rolled the night of his adventure!

Together they proceeded to the office of the lawyer who had advertised the reward. It was to face a vast surprise. There, dismayed, speechless, stood Rufus. He had just brought in the jewels he had purchased from a scheming thief.

"Paste," said the lawyer—"a fair counterfeit, even to the initials. You have been cleverly awindled, my friend."

"If I could only find that lost locket!" said Worth, as they left the lawyer's office.

"You value it so much?" murmured Mae, wistfully.

He caught the expression of her face, it on her hand. And Mae did not take it away until he had told his love.

How John Reforms His Wife

By CALVIN HENDRICKS

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John Dunbar made love to Mary Woods with all the fervor of an old romance and—lived unhappily for the rest of their lives. Or nearly so.

"I can't understand it," said honest John at the end of a very miserable day. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

"And nobody else can," added his brother-in-law, Ephraim. "Do you know, the dildoes, antics and whims of that woman—sister though she is, I will say it—have grown on us unconsciously. We have meekly submitted, and she has developed into a regular tyrant and pretty nigh a nuisance."

John Dunbar sighed in pure helplessness and desperation of spirit.

"She's a depresser and no mistake!" commented Ephraim. "It's her way or no way in everything, and hers is generally the wrong way. I pity you, John, indeed I do, from the very bottom of my heart!"

"Maybe she'll change," suggested John hopefully.

"I say, John, you look gray and tired and worn out," observed Ephraim. "You need a little change. Why don't you go up to the city and take a day or two off? See the folks, have some recreation. You'll be the stronger for a new battle with life."

The suggestion led to action. John Dunbar broke the routine of a quarter of a century. He went to the city. While there he attended the theater. John had never seen a play before. His main character was a modern Hercules who laughed his way into the play, all the way through it, and faded out of it, leaving a smile on the faces and in the hearts of those of his audience who were attentive and sympathetic.

At all events that play made such an impression upon John Dunbar, that when he got home he called together out in the woods all the family except "mother."

"I've got an idea, or rather a play I saw has given me an idea," he said. "I want to tell you all what it is, and then as the true and loving children you are I want you help me in a plot to—to—well, to reform mother."

"How, father?" inquired sixteen-year-old Blanche.

"Smile. If mother is cross, don't get grumpy. If she's out of sorts, don't cater to it. Just smile-smile-smile."

There was a certain fairly mischievous spirit of delight injected into the situation. When Mrs. Dunbar that evening began her usual "I'm dead worn out" her husband beamed upon her expansively, with the comforting observation, "That's because you insist on doing it better than anybody else in the town!"

If showed Mrs. Dunbar suspected the obvious change in the genial mood of the family, she was disarmed, helpless to resist it.

Then, although she never relaxed that grim temper of hers outwardly and never admitted it, she took a secret, silent delight in basking in the loveliness and inspiring cheer of the hours spent around the evening lamp, where the family circle was encompassed in cheery laughter, bright repartee and—smiles.

Then a climax came—two of them—that shook the supposed domestic infallibility of the self-willed mistress of the household.

"The house has been burglarized!" was the dreadful announcement of John one night when they returned from a church soiree.

Yes, and four hundred dollars in cash missing from a secret hiding place where Mary had insisted on keeping it. Instead of placing it in the bank!

It was all her fault and she looked pretty grim. But no one blamed her. John only touched her affectionately on the cheek and said:

"Thankful I were my watch! If the thieves had taken that with your picture in it, I'd have mourned, I tell you!"

And Mrs. Dunbar actually flushed and murmured: "You foolish man!" and then her hard nature softened still more as the jovial family kept on smiling, despite the loss of the money.

The very next day Mary left a hot fire going while she ran over to a neighbor's. It was to return to find the house in flames. It burned to the ground.

Again her fault! But John only smiled, saying pleasantly:

"Suppose you'd been in the house! I tell you, we're lucky people. You deserve a new house with more conveniences in it, and you're going to have it!"

And the day this splendid new edifice was completed, and the smiling faces of the whole family beamed on mother as she came up the steps, her lip quivered.

"John, I'm—I'm going to behave myself," she whispered meekly.

And the corners of her lips were no longer drawn down, but parted in a way that uplifted all the hearts that were there.

And then a new woman became the queen of the new home, that henceforth was indeed a veritable "house of smiles."

Analysed.

Mother—"But what do you know about him? Has he come up from nothing or has he come down for something?" Daughter—"I cannot say, mother. He has the money of the former and the manners of the latter."

—Boston Transcript.



Head Noises and Ringing in the Ears

Thursday Health Talk 52

By Mary Lou Miller, D. C. Ph. C.

Head noises and ringing in the ears are the natural accompaniment of catarrhal trouble. The ear passages and the air passages are connected, and the stopping up of the air passages by mucus, as in a cold, extends to the ear passages and causes trouble there. Deafness is quite frequently an accompanying symptom.

A cold that affects the hearing is usually quite severe in character, and is usually so discomforting to the sufferer that everything possible is done to get rid of it. However, the fact that its cause is the spine, and that the quickest possible relief is usually to be had from chiropractic spinal adjustments, is not generally known. The adjustments rectify the full tide of spinal nerve impulses into the air passage tissue and cells and with this aid Nature soon clears the trouble.

Deafness of 23 Years Ended.

Arthur R. Thompson, prop. of a steam laundry, states: "I was afflicted with deafness for 23 years prior to my trial of spinal adjustments. After adjustments my hearing began to come back and today is completely restored. This statement I make under oath."—A. R. Thompson, C. R. B. Statement No. 1362H.

MARY LOU MILLER

Telephone 349

Sale of Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of the power and authority conferred upon the undersigned Commissioner by a judgment of the Superior Court of Richmond county in a certain action therein pending, entitled "B. E. Moore vs. M. W. Moore," rendered on the 23rd day of January, 1922, I, the undersigned commissioner, will offer for sale at public auction at the courthouse door in Rockingham on the 3rd day of April, 1922, the following described tract or parcel of land lying and being in Richmond county and bounded as follows, to wit:

Beginning at an iron stake at the corner of Fairley Gibson's land in the Quick road and runs S. 79 W. 17.70 chains to a stake; thence N. 13 to a stake; thence N. 47 W. 10 chains to a stake; thence S. 70 W. 5.34 chains to Sinclair's corner; thence N. 1 E. 17.60 chains to a stake; thence N. 20 1/2 E. 13.60 chains to the Rockingham and Gibson railroad; thence with the said railroad in an easterly direction 36.50 chains to the Quick road; thence with Quick road 29.90 chains to the beginning corner, containing 115 1/4 acres, more or less, and being the same tract of land conveyed to the said B. E. Moore by J. H. Mitchell and wife by deed dated January 3, 1911, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Richmond county in book No. 76, page 409.

Time of sale, April 3, 1922, at 12 M. Place, Courthouse door Rockingham. Terms of sale, CASH.

This the 28th day of February, 1922. Omer L. Henry, Commissioner.

NOTICE OF SALE.

NORTH CAROLINA, Richmond County.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed of trust executed by Scipio Douglass on the 10th day of Dec., 1917, and duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Richmond county, North Carolina, in Book 110, on page 349, default having been made in the payment of the obligations therein secured, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction at the Court House door in Rockingham, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash at 12 o'clock, noon on Tuesday, March 28th, 1922, the following described tract of land, lying and being in Marks Creek township, Richmond County, North Carolina, and more particularly described and defined as follows:

Beginning at a stake in the west edge of the Hamlet and Bennettsville public road 1030 feet south of the Rockingham railroad where said public road crosses same and runs N. 86.30 W. 1630 feet to the Sand Hill road; thence with said road S. 41.23 W. 1090 feet to a stake in the edge of said road; thence S. 48.37 E. 1310 feet to a corner in the branch; thence S. 86.30 E. 1430 feet to the Hamlet and Bennettsville road; thence with said road N. 3.30 E. 2190 feet to the beginning, containing one hundred and five acres.

Sold to satisfy provisions of said deed of trust.

This February 23, 1922. W. S. BLAKENEY, Trustee.

THE COTTAGE GARDENER

ENRICHED SOIL WILL PRODUCE GOOD CROPS



Well Fertilized Plot of Ground, With Reasonable Attention, Is Sure to Give Satisfaction to the Grower Who Will Keep the Weeds Out and Provide Sufficient Amount of Moisture.

USE EVERY INCH OF GARDEN SOIL

"Intensive Farming" Applies as Well to Small Plot as to the Large Tract.

EASY TO GROW VEGETABLES

Careful Gardener Can Find Room for Additional Plants if Best Judgment Is Used in Planning Seed Bed.

"Intensive farming" long ago won the O. K. of the practical agriculturist who found that it was to his financial interest to make two or more grow where one grew before.

The same rule applies, or should apply, to the cottage gardener—the fellow who has only a few feet of space, compared with the three or four hundred acre farm.

It is just as essential that the back yard "fence corners" be made to produce as it is that the formerly unused places on the farm be brought into a state of production.

In the back yard of the majority of small homes, in both country and city, there are spaces that have been neglected because the man of the house was not exactly in the mood of spading it up when planting time arrived. Spading time should extend from the time the one crop was garnered the previous fall to the time when the soil is actually prepared for the next season. Spading in the fall is not a bad idea. The leaves and other fertilizer producing growths can be turned under and also made to work for you.

Value of Rich Soil.

If you are fortunate enough to obtain a load or two of stable manure, of course it is better to turn this under in the fall and allow it to be well rotted by spring—and not blown away by the winter winds. Although much manure has a large quantity of straw mixed with it, the straw also enriches the soil.

With the ground well cared for in the fall before the freezing weather starts, it is in condition to be brought into the best producing state in the early spring, when little, if any, spading will be necessary to make the seed bed—and the worst of the work is over and the home gardener is happy with his prospects.

Then—when actual planting time comes—when the ground is warm and there seems to be no danger of frost—that is the time to make the most of the situation.

No plants will do their best if crowded, but there are many vegetables that will do well by being planted close together. Those that require most space should have all they need—but it is well to remember that some of the small vegetables that grow close to the ground and are out of the way early can be grown between the larger plants, such as tomatoes and beans, which develop slowly.

When Crowding Can Be Done.

By exercising careful judgment a little more crowding may be done in some instances than has been done by many gardeners, and more intercropping—planting between the later developing plants—may be carried out, much to the gratification of the gardener.

It is a great pleasure to the proud gardener to see the young plants shooting up in every nook and corner of his back yard—no weeds—stakes for the more rapid growing plants—everything looking prosperous.

With reasonable weather conditions it is just as easy to have a splendid garden as it is a poor one—and not

much experience is required to obtain the desired results. Just a little plant study and the knowledge of your soil—then you are sure of a garden that will supply your table, if the garden is properly cared for throughout the season. There is no greater pleasure than that of growing a good garden—one that is the envy of your neighbors and friends.

WHEN TO PLANT SWEET CORN

Seed Should Not Be Sown Until Ground Is Warm and No Danger From Frost.

Sweet corn should be planted on rich land and cultivated the same as field corn. Plant the seed as soon as the soil is warm in the spring, and make successive plantings every two or three weeks until late summer. The same results can be obtained to some extent by planting early, medium and late varieties. Plant the seeds about two inches deep in drills three feet apart and thin to a single stalk every 10 to 14 inches.

Sweet corn, when grown in the South, passes so quickly from the milk to the dough stage that care should be exercised to gather the crop just at the right time, in order to secure the most satisfactory results. The flavor of sweet corn depends upon its stage



Corn in the Home Garden.

of maturity and the method of handling the product from the plant to the table. Sweet corn loses its sugar content very rapidly after being removed from the stalk. It should, therefore, be picked only a few hours, and preferably a few minutes, in advance of the time when it is to be placed in the pot.

Varities recommended: For early corn Golden Bantam and Adams Early are suggested, and for medium and late varieties Black Mexican or White Mexican, Country Gentleman and Stowell's Evergreen. The last-named variety has the largest ears and is the most productive.—United States Department of Agriculture.

GROWING CELERY

Growing celery for family use by the bed method cannot be excelled for attaining crispness and delicacy of flavor, according to horticulturists of the Ohio experiment station after testing the various schemes of intensive garden culture of this crop. According to their plan celery may be obtained in the small garden from November till midwinter. For this crop a level bed four feet wide and as long as desired is selected. A ditch is dug six inches deep, full width of the bed, smoothed on the bottom, covered with three inches of stable manure and then with three inches of the best soil saved for the purpose. Soaking the ground causes it to settle. If desired, radishes, lettuce or any early crop may be grown before planting celery.

GARDENS MUST HAVE CARE

A good start for a garden is often lost about the time the weeds appear. No matter how carefully the garden may be planted or how rich the soil or costly the seeds, failure will surely follow if the proper cultivation and care are not given during the growing season.

Philip Points the Way

By CLAIRE SMITH

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It was a great shock to the Van Norden when Henry Bowes, Mrs. Van Norden's father, announced by letter that he had sold his farm and was coming to live with "them in their house on Fifth avenue."

"Pshaw, Molly, we can stow the old gentleman away somewhere," said John Van Norden. "I guess he's pretty lonely up there in Colones," he added. "I shouldn't like to have to live all by myself at eighty."

"But he'll teach Philip such dreadful manners," protested Molly.

"Well, what are we going to do, dear?" asked her husband.

"I suppose we'll have to take him," said Molly. "But I shall make it perfectly clear to him, the moment he arrives, that he is not going to display himself before our friends and make us ridiculous, after all the trouble we've taken to get into the right set."

This was duly explained to Henry Bowes—"Hank" Bowes among his cronies at the local store. The old man put his not too clean hand on his daughter's shoulder and looked kindly at her.

"My dear," he said, "I ain't going to disgrace you, don't fear it. It's you I want—you and John and Philip. I'm going to make myself scarce when there's swell company around."

He had included Philip in his summary, but Molly Van Norden was determined that he should have no opportunity of corrupting the boy's manners. Nevertheless, with that curious attachment which frequently exists between those of the extreme ages of life, Philip and the old man sought each other's company continually. Philip learned to whistle whistles out of twigs, to blow out the leaves of a certain plant into "frogs," and surreptitiously acquired candy would fall out of the boy's pockets when he was undressed at night. And the more Molly tried to keep him away the more he sought his grandfather's company.

After six months or so Molly came to a determination.

"John," she said, "Philip is learning the most disgusting table manners from father. He makes a noise with his soup and bites his bread instead of breaking it and—well, John, father is not going to sit at table with us any more."

So thenceforward grandfather ate his meals in the next room in solitude. The old man, roaming about the house, gradually became a disintegrating factor in the family.

"John," Molly announced one day, "I have decided to send father to an institution."

"My dear!" said her husband in remonstrance.

"Oh, I knew you would offer objections, John. But I don't mean the poorhouse. I mean a home where infirm old people are taken in and well cared for. Don't you see how childish he is becoming?"

"How about Philip? Don't you suppose that they will miss each other?"

"I hope they will," his wife retorted. "I mean them to, John. He is no fit companion for a child."

Happily, neither the old man nor the boy knew what preparations were afoot. Henry Bowes remained as much of a nuisance as before. It was not till the day before his departure that the child learned from the servants that "grandfather was going away."

At that instant the first inkling of life's tragedy entered the little brain. He crept away, into the walled garden at the back of the house. Soon he was busy again. His mother and father found him there later. He had constructed a sort of picket fence from some stakes left in the tool shed by the gardener. Inside this was a packing case.

"What's this, old chap?" asked John. "That's a table," answered the boy. "Table? What do you want a table for?" inquired his mother.

"That's for father, when he's old, so that he won't let me see the way he eats," said Philip.

"An' this is a cage like the one grandpa's to have," he continued, pointing to the row of sticks. "That's so he won't make a damned nuisance of himself when I has comp'y."

Molly Van Norden looked at her husband speechlessly. Then she turned away and ran into the house. John found her on the lounge a few minutes later, sobbing hysterically.

"John, did you understand?" she moaned. "What does it mean?"

"I guess it means your father's going to take his place in the family from today," answered John Van Norden, kissing her. "Don't you think so, my dear?"

Molly nodded.

Tiny Automobile.

An Australian father has just completed the construction of a motor car, which is what they call an automobile in Australia, for his son. Citizens of Sydney found much to laugh at and a good deal to praise when the little car appeared in the smallest practical motor car in the world. The motor car, which was built in two years, is a complete model in miniature of a big car. It has a one-horsepower air-cooled engine, with forward and reverse gears, electric head and tail lights, etc. The little driver has mastered his costly toy and is able to drive proudly along in places where traffic is scarce. The story of the first drive does not mention what name has been conferred on this Australian product.